

OH WOW IT'S THE OFFICIAL ZINEPAPER OF CAMP SATANIC DRUG THING HERE AT YOUTOPIA 2025

STAY SALTY

MADE WITHOUT ANY AI AND IT'S KINDA FUCKED UP THAT THIS IS A THING THAT NEEDS TO BE SAID

LETTER FROM  
THE EDITOR

Hello reader, how are you? I am fine.

Welcome to issue two of our annual weekly zinepaper. Mechanically we're sticking to the same formula and the same utterly incoherent workflow with floating deadlines. Oh, and a shorter Choose-Your-Own-Adventure because \*someone\* did the math wrong last year and it came out twice as long as it was supposed to.

It was me, I did the math wrong.

As far as vibe I think you'll find this issue is 95% same and the rest, well, we're not immune to the influence of what's happening back in the everywhere else. It's probably fair to say that everyone feels a little off with the whole outside-world politics thing going on and meanwhile we're doing a party here in the inside-world.

These are unusual times and it's normal to feel unusual about them. Find your joy where you find it and bring back some to the outside afterwards.

And as Emma Goldman said: "If I can't dance then I don't want your revolution", and so you can dance just because joy is inherently revolutionary, queer, and anticapitalist.

So to loop back, if this issue is 95% the same how is it different? Well, it's the other 5% is things like quoting Emma Goldman to try and brainwash you a bit because turns out that's me finding my joy.

Oh also the word-search is even more fucked up this year.

Cheers,  
For Camp SDT,  
the Editors



Wait, no, the other kind of "organize"

THERE'S NO I IN  
COMMUNITY  
(DON'T DOUBLE CHECK THAT)

Starting with the conclusion: we've gone too far on individuality and away from belonging, and need to relearn the basics of how to build communities again.

Yeah, pandemic didn't help but it's not just lockdown leftovers. With technology it's now so easy to find something that's almost perfectly suited to each one of us that anything else feels a bit like a burden. That sensation of not quite wanting to do that extra bit to have an experience outside of your comfort zone is isolating us and making it harder for events like this to exist.

We all know Burning Man didn't sell out this year. Yes, big part of the reason is financial: it's a downturn and when rent is going up you're probably going to spend on less things like art-party camping. But also it's getting much more normal to think "I'll run into some people I don't like and that's going to suck, so I'm just not going to go outside".

I'm not saying you have to be cool with your racist uncle or whatever. Fuck your racist uncle. And I'm not saying that you should pretend to be something you're not to fit in. I am saying that we need to do more work at inviting cool new people and including them from where they are.

And no, not "all people". Not that uncle above. You don't have to force yourself to include people who don't respect you. But the people in your orbit who you sort of know but don't really reach out to. Tell them a fun thing from Youtopia this year. Invite them out if they're interested and offer to help them with the process. Throw a party sometime back in the mundane. Meet up in a park.

This isn't sweeping changes of what you believe in. Don't overthink it. Instead we all need to be doing the small work of inviting people, helping people go, and trying to make people feel welcome when they do. Because communities are built by the tiny steps of hanging out not some grand jelling of ethical systems or whatever.

Communities are built one friend of a friend, coworker, and loose acquaintance at a time. They're built on days where you step away from the individualized-to-you entertainment complex and instead find a middle ground that's shared by more people even if you've heard that song they're playing too much already.

SDT SCHEDULE

- Wednesday**  
8am to 11am - Metal Mornings with DJ Yes More Mr Nice Guy  
11am to 2pm - Sounds of Mattzog  
2pm to 4pm - Shower Karaoke (if we built it already lol)  
4pm to 5pm - J-Pop with Bibi  
5pm to close - John Jolley and Quasar
- Thursday**  
8am to 11am - Metal Mornings with DJ Yes More Mr Nice Guy  
11am to 1pm - Sounds of Mattzog  
1pm to 3pm - Y2K Dance Party with DJ My Tamagotchi Is Still Alive  
3pm to 5pm - Shower Karaoke (definitely will be ready by now)  
5pm to 6pm - Psychedelic Jam Bands with Leanna  
6pm to 8pm - John Jolley and Quasar  
8pm to 10pm - Timothy Bee  
10pm to 1am - John Jolley  
1am - Spooky Stories and Hot Cocoa with Klagor
- Friday**  
8am to 11am - Metal Mornings with DJ Yes More Mr Nice Guy  
11am to 1pm - Sounds of Mattzog  
1pm to 2pm - John Jolley and Quasar  
2pm to 4pm - Shower Karaoke  
4pm to 5pm - John Jolley and Quasar  
5pm - Burner Jeopardy  
6pm to 7:30pm - John Jolley  
7:30pm to 8:30pm - Punk Rock with Tank Girl  
8:30pm to 11pm - Goth Industrial Nite with DJ Wife and DJ My Wife With The Thrill Kill Kult  
11pm to 12am - All Acid with John Jolley, Bibi, and Group  
2am - ASMR with Bibi and Zog
- Saturday**  
8am to 11am - Metal Mornings, Only Ozzy Edition, with DJ Yes More Mr Nice Guy  
11am to 1pm - Sounds of Mattzog  
1pm to 2pm - John Jolley and Quasar  
2pm to 4pm - Shower Karaoke  
4pm to 6pm - John Jolley and Quasar present "Semi Automated Gay Space Luxury Communism Cocktail Hour"  
6pm - Tiny Flag Burning Ceremony  
6pm to Late Night - John Jolley and Quasar  
Late Night - Late Night Sounds of Mattzog
- Sunday**  
Nothing, you can help us pack up I guess?

So next year invite some new people to your camp. Or if you don't have a camp, start one. All it takes to start one is calling yourself something and then telling everyone else (ask us how we know). Everything in this world is fake-it-till-you-make-it.

Yes that will require a bit organizing and effort as you go, and on top of it as new people show up you'll probably find your community shifted in some direction you didn't expect a bit. That's fine, don't stress the details and let things grow as they do.

Sure, maybe you really wanted your camp to have a 60s swanky vibe but now, few Youtopias later, while it still has that it's most known for its dirt bowling night or something. That's fine. I'm telling you in 20 years what you'll remember is the social group you created more than anything from that original vision you had.

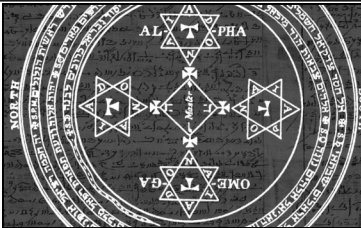
The effort is worth it. The friend group is worth it. Things perfectly tailored to you are a sweet trap and a velvet prison.

Remember, there's no "I" in "COMMUNITY", but there is an "EFFORT".

LEAVE CONFESSION  
RECEIVE SHINY GEM  
FEEL RENEWED

THE CROWFESSIONAL CONFESSIONAL  
AT CAMP SATANIC DRUG THING

"THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN YOUTOPIA CONFESSING"



Come See  
The Encyclopedia Of Satanic  
Animals  
Let Satan share the marvelous creatures you  
never wanted to know about  
Only at Camp Satanic Drug Thing



## Op-Ed: Lessons From The Year Of The Woo-woo

By Bibi

Welcome back dear readers. I hope you all had a wonderful Year of the Mushroom last year, cultivating community, growth, and magic. But what to do with that magic? I've spent this last year learning to trust my intuition, practicing tarot reading more regularly, and allowing myself to believe in astrology. I've been embracing my woo-woo.

It's been a strange journey. I was raised Catholic, realizing in my youth that it simply wasn't for me. I needed liberation from the Catholic guilt and patriarchal dogma. I became enlightened, rational, a staunch supporter of peer review! But I over-did it, and in doing so stopped listening to a voice inside of myself. In a way, it did to me the same thing Catholicism did.

Last year I sheepishly started embracing my witchy tendencies. I was embarrassed at first, feeling entirely silly and childlike pretending like magic is real and that my herbs and crystals actually do anything, But if Catholicism, one of the worlds major religions, the very one my parents told me was absolute truth, could make use of resin incense, blessed water, and eucharist, who was to say that my moon water was any less legitimate? A rational mind would claim they're both equally bunk, but that didn't feel right either. I wanted to start listening to myself.

Through ritual, I've established a regular meditative practice. Following the lunar cycle, the passage of time is more structured and outlined in my head. The archetypes in tarot and astrology give me a framework through which to organize my thoughts and emotions, and I find myself feeling less jumbled or experiencing decision paralysis. What practicing witchcraft has actually done for me is help organize my mind and increased my own self-confidence and sense of agency.

I still believe in explaining things through mundane first, then magick. Look, not every crow you see is call from Hekate to become one of her followers. Crows are just everywhere in Southern California now and their increased numbers can be ecologically explained. But I also believe in letting myself embrace the occult, mysticism, and witchcraft for the things I otherwise can't explain. And I don't feel so embarrassed about it anymore, We all know the witch hunts were never about stamping out magic, they were about asserting power and accumulating control. Especially in these times, I won't let those in political power tell me that my own is meaningless.

I encourage you all to embrace your woo-woo. The world can be a magickal place if you let it. If you don't know where to start, check out your horoscope on page 5 or come by Camp Satanic Drug Thing to leave confession at The Crowfessional in exchange for a crystal.

Until next year, readers.

# OUR OPINIONS

## Op-Ed: Clean Up After Your Drugs

Believe it or not moop includes drug leftovers. I know, it's mind-blowing.

Those two sentences could be the entire column, but let's help spell it out: this starts with ashes. Don't ash on the ground. If you're completely unable to perceive it in terms of it-is-simply-good-to-not-be-an-asshole then think of this way: some other dumbass might see you do it and then drop stuff that isn't quite put out and start a fire that affects your belongings. There, now it's about you.

Next, don't leave baggies everywhere. If you found some brilliant way to smuggle the baggie in then keep being brilliant and smuggle it out. No one wants to pick up your who-knows-mixed-with-what shit. Oh, and don't drop whippet canisters like some party version of the Mario Kart banana peel for people to slip on. And for fuck's sakes don't just throw away disposable vapes.

Actually, don't use disposable vapes at all. How fucking first world can you get. "Oh yes please I would like pay for a new drug plastic delivery gadget each time. That's correct, I can't even be trusted to charge and fill an object. No, price is not a problem, my lifestyle is subsidized by the exploitation of places I can't pronounce".

At least take it back out with you when you're done.

## Op-Ed: I don't Like This Theme

I don't like the theme this year. I don't like abstract themes. Like the perfect BM one for me was "Under the Sea" where everyone brought cool fish and jellies stuff.

Let's do something really fucking literal next year. Let's do "Dinosaurs". Or if it has to be two words then do two normal unrelated words like "Dinosaur School". Or "Dinosaur Astronaut". Something where you read it and know that it's going to be unifying the art for the year.

In fact, here, make your own next literalist Youtopia theme, pick any word from first column and then any word from second column:

- |              |             |
|--------------|-------------|
| - Skeleton   | - Racing    |
| - Octopus    | - Clocks    |
| - Vegetable  | - Sandwich  |
| - Underwater | - Chair     |
| - Moon       | - Wings     |
| - Hot        | - Bones     |
| - Dragon     | - Cats      |
| - Goblin     | - Pumpkin   |
| - Robot      | - Apples    |
| - Wooden     | - Boat      |
| - Red        | - Mushrooms |

You know what was a for real good one? Clucktopia. Fuck the haters that would have been fantastic. Just fucking chicken everything.

So if you're suggesting themes next year, I beg of you, something literal this time. "Hot Bones" is a good one.



## Op-Ed: What To Do If You See An Extraterrestrial

So generally speaking yes you're unlikely to run into an extraterrestrial while at Youtopia, but failing to prepare is preparing to fail so here's what you do if you if you run into a UFOer. Or I guess UAPer now, they renamed them.

First of all do not feed it. It might have like space allergies or something. Or be Vegan. Get it? Like from the star system Vega? Little space joke. But seriously don't offer it food it'll probably be a faux pas.

Second, do not play it house music. It's probably sober and nobody likes that stuff sober. Go with something that's got a nice bit of that razzle-dazzle. Maybe some Bowie, Stardust era. Or Vangelis. Or the Space Jam soundtrack. Just stuff that works sober.

Which brings us to third: offer it beer. You don't want to offer it drugs cause you don't know how they might affect an extraterrestrial. Same with hard alcohols. But beer's universal, everyone appreciates a cold one. Or a hot one, maybe they drink it hot who knows. But they'll love beer. Give the aliens beer.

Finally, ask for a chance to ride in the spaceship. Maybe a long shot cause they might be embarrassed about it if it's messy inside, but worth a try. Would be a great story if it works out.

Ok, now you're ready. Go out there and make Earth proud.

## Op-Ed: What To Do If You See An ICE Agent

So generally speaking yes you're unlikely to run into an ICE agent while at Youtopia. But failing to prepare is preparing to fail and all that so here's what you do if you if you run into an ICE agent, a DHS agent, or someone else authorized by the state to commit violence.

First, you do not have to open a closed space to them unless they have a warrant. Ask to see it and make sure it's signed by a judge, and not just one ICE printed for themselves. I mean, it's kinda a formality because they'll just force themselves in but you should still do it because praxis and all that.

If ICE forces it's way in, do not obstruct them. Tell them you do not grant them permission to be there but do not attempt to remove them.

Clearly state you wish to have a lawyer and invoke your right to remain silent. That's basically a magical spell as far as the law is concerned and simply being silent isn't the same thing because the majority of the Supreme Court is a bunch of bigoted pieces of shit. And two of them are allegedly sexual predators.

You can loudly and repeatedly invoke your right to remain silent but do not instruct other people to be silent and do not instruct other people to resist.

Do not sign anything. Do not let them make you feel rushed. Ask to see a lawyer. If you are being detained make sure to tell them you're afraid of being sent home, that's also a fucked up magical courts spell and if you don't explicitly say it they can assume the opposite.

This column was way less fun to read than the previous one but hey, them's the breaks. Fuck ICE. Fuck DHS. ACAB.



# ASK SHELVIS

## AN ANIMATRONIC ADVICE COLUMN



Dear Shelvis,

I've been contemplating a career change but I'm paralyzed with worry. I'm currently a technical writer and mostly spend my time writing up documentation for different kinds of cameras. I've been doing this for close to 4 years and I guess it's ok but obviously it's not something that I feel a real passion for.

I'm also worried about AI. While we haven't been doing layoffs it always feels like it's right around the corner. Maybe it's just my imagination but every department seems to be cutting costs wherever they can. What if a computer can eventually replace my job? It's not like these manuals are that complicated. Should I stick it out as long as I can or try to preemptively start a career in something that's harder to replace?

And what would that sort of career even be? What can I try and start doing that's somehow safe from automation and AI? And can I afford to try and switch to it while in an economy where no one seems to be hiring and rent as high as it is?

Sincerely,  
Worried in a Cubicle

*Dear Worried in a Cubicle,*  
*You get lonesome, sometimes. You get lonesome right in the middle of a crowd.*

Dear Shelvis,

I'm in real trouble here, Shelv. I borrowed some money from some people who I thought were friends because I needed it up front for a business venture opportunity I had. It's cause I knew a guy sorta socially and he had a lot of ... vitamins he needed to sell quickly. He was really rushed and willing to sell it at a big discount. And there I was thinking how I recently met those friends and they had some money they could loan me, and this could all work out.

So yeah, I met up with the guy, got the vitamins, got the backpack home, and now I tried one of the

vitamins and they're actually just mints. The guy I bought from is not answering texts, I have a backpack filled with mints, and some people who I owe money to who expect me to start paying it back really soon.

I don't know what to do. I don't know what I was thinking when I started this whole thing. It all felt like I needed to rush and I just thought I could finally get ahead on everything and now that I'm not rushing I feel gullible and just want to get out of this in one piece. What do I do, Shelvis?

Sincerely,  
Fresh Breath Haver

*Dear Fresh Breath Haver,*  
*I'd shake your hand, but I can only move my little finger.*

Dear Shelvis,

I'm a parent and raising a kid that's about to hit their teen years. I just learned that my kid is starting to experiment with drugs. I feel like I need to have that conversation with them, in fact I know it, but I don't know how to go about it.

I have my own history with drugs which I have kept from my kids, and I don't know how honest should I be. Do I tell them just the bad parts and hope to keep them from going through the same path I took before I got here? Do I tell them all of it and hope that they take a more mature and controlled view of it?

I don't want to lie to them, but I also worry that me being too open about my history will have the effect of normalizing the drugs for them, and maybe cause them to experiment more than they would otherwise. What should I tell them?

Sincerely,  
Raising a Teen

*Dear Raising a Teen,*  
*Rhythm is something you either have or don't have, but when you have it, you have it all over.*

Have your own question and answer session with Shelvis, only at Camp Satanic Drug Thing. Available whenever we have the generator running.



## THOUGHTS FROM A CHILDLESS MILLENNIAL

### BY DJ MY TAMAGOTCHI IS STILL ALIVE

I'm gonna take a moment to toot my own horn here- my tamagotchi is still alive. Remember tamagotchis? Blast from the past isn't it? They're still being made and they come with color screens now - some models even have wifi!

I really do think tamagotchis are one of the coolest pieces of technology there exists. They're a beautiful intersection of art and tech. With adorable character sprites, fun games, and simulated hunger and emotional needs, they tug at your heart strings just enough to actually get attached to them and get sad when they inevitably die (except mine, he's still going). My favorite model lets you marry a tamagotchi from another device and has a gene mixing feature so you can create totally unique sprites. AI could never.

Really though, AI could never. There's no heart in AI art and tech, it always ends up with creepy uncanny valley vibes. It's an ecological disaster that guzzles water and is incredibly energy inefficient. A tamagotchi runs off either a coin batter or two AAAs depending on the model. There's only 3 buttons: A, B, and C. The simplicity is really elegant.

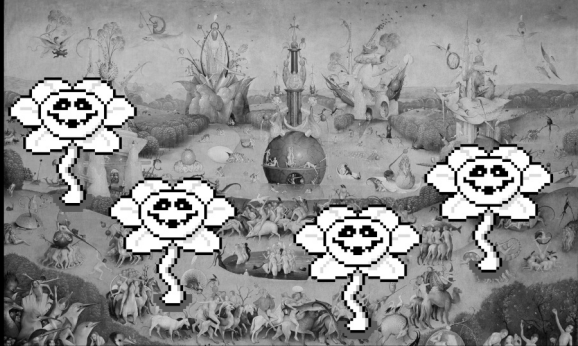
Maybe it's just my millennial nostalgia but there was something magical about technology in the Y2K era. It was advanced enough it felt cool and futuristic. It was dumb enough that you weren't committing your cringiest moments to the internet for all eternity. There was no algorithm to suck you into a virtual and isolating echo chamber. Tamagotchis are the paragon of Y2K tech.

When you return to the default world, maybe you can enjoy some of that tamagotchi perfection. Get off whatever social media platform has you hooked, stop watching algorithm-driven AI videos, and go clean up some pixelated poop instead. In the meantime, if you're craving a hit of Y2K aesthetic, come to my Y2K dance party at Camp Satanic Drug thing on Thursday at 1pm.

COME SEE

# THE INTERNAL GARDEN OF EDEN

SSSURELY NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU



ONLY AT CAMP SATANIC DRUG THING

# FUCKIN' OZZY

by DJ Yes More Mr Nice Guy



Fuckin' Ozzy.

My defining memory of him is actually from the documentary The Decline of Western Civilization Part Two. He's standing in his kitchen, talking about how depressed he is all the time, and cooking strip after strip of thick-cut bacon. Undercooking rather, they're barely heated. He keeps stacking them on a plate in an ever growing pile. "I'm so sad all the time", another slice, "people don't realize how lonely I am", another slice. There was something more authentic about that little meat confession scene than in a hundred interviews of how great it is to be a rock star.

First time I heard Black Sabbath was on my dad's Paranoid CD. You can't wear out CDs but I would have worn out that one. My top tracks were Paranoid, Fairies Wear Boots, and Electric Funeral. Electric Funeral was one of the first songs I learned on guitar with that haunting wah-wah riff. Oh and Iron Man, of course. That was the first song I learned on guitar. I think it was a lot of people's.

I didn't appreciate Black Sabbath's spot in history at the time, I was probably 12-ish. They

basically invented metal. I would straight up argue Children of the Grave is the first metal song, everything before that is hard rock.

Not that Black Sabbath were setting out to invent metal at the time or whatever, they were just a heavy hippie band. We forget just how hippie now in retrospect. Bell bottoms, fringe, rainbows, peace signs, and clapping.

Somewhere along the way he morphs into the prince of darkness. If you were alive during the late MTV era you definitely remember him saying "I'm the prince of fucking darkness, I can't have any bubbles" in that Birmingham accent, on arguably the first celebrity reality show.

Despite the countless times he was written off he stayed relevant. Hard to explain how. It certainly wasn't through any calculated genius on his part. Partially through Sharon (his second wife and manager, as seen in the show), partially through endless effort and genuine talent, and partially through an inexplicable authenticity in everything he did.

Ozzy was a musician but he also represented music, if that makes sense. The part of music that's wild, boisterous, fun, and you allow me some pretension, Dionysian. Ozzy represented the option to take a wrong decision and enjoy it. The polar opposite of "What would Jesus do" because Jesus would probably not get wasted and piss on the Alamo. Would have made Jesus more relatable had he did, in my opinion.

That madman thing wasn't really Ozzy. Yes it happened, but in reality more than anything else he was a father and kinda a quiet mellow guy. The character we saw was one he was playing professionally. His day job was to be the id of rock n' roll.

Oh, did you know that he gave all the money from "Mama I'm Coming Home" to Lemmy from Motörhead? Ozzy hired Lemmy to write that song to get Lemmy paid somewhat and it ended up a big hit. Lemmy said he earned more from that song than all of Motörhead. That's more the kind of person Ozzy was in private.

His last live show was watched by almost 6 million people. He died 2 weeks after.

Saturday, if you are of the mindset, we're doing a tribute to him during Morning Metal: Only Ozzy for the entire set. Bring your own undercooked bacon.

## WORD FIND

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Find these common everyday words!

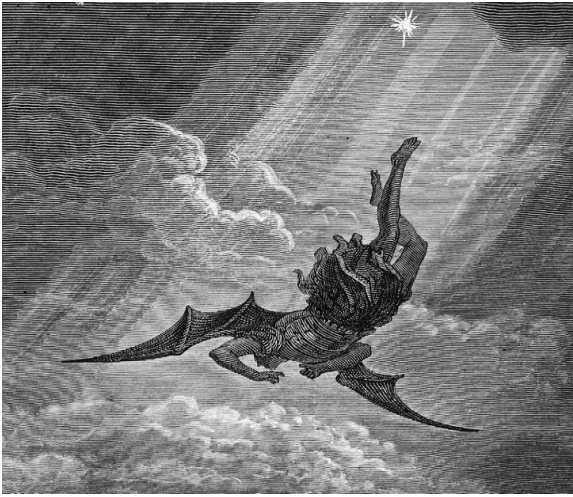
- OMPHALOS
- MERLON
- SALTIRE
- ABACINATE
- PROLIX
- FISSIPAROUS
- KINE
- SABRETACHE
- HIERODULE
- EXPOSTULATE
- PAROXYSMAL
- GRADINS
- HYALINE
- WETHER
- ETHOLOGY
- TUN
- DESTRIER
- EQUERRY
- MORDANT
- FRIPPERIES
- FULIGINOUS

They can be forwards, backwards, and diagonal.



# YOUR YOUTOPIAN STARS

Horoscopes by Quasar



## LIBRA

Happy Libra Season! It's your own personal New Year and the quality of the time right now is extra-sparkly due to the dazzlingly lustrous "Morning Star," Venus, lighting up your sign like the disco ball dance floor at DiscOasis. Adorn yourself and explore. Shed the beliefs that limit you (the Crowfessional Confessional can help!), do away with deprecating self-talk, and hang out with people who lift you up. Visit the Little Free Satanic Drug Thing Library maniacal future plans. Saturday night into early Sunday morning holds big potential for unexpected, intense, eye-opening transformative experiences.

## SCORPIO

You may be feeling unusually outgoing, enough so that your typical inhibitions dissolve. Go ahead!—hit the Shower Karaoke at Satanic Drug Thing; indulge in the sauna at Go Banya; strut your stuff at The BRC LandPhil's Trashion Show; hell, even go down the (undoubtedly terrifying) clown rabbit hole at ClownAbout. If you get overwhelmed, know that the majestic AF Jacumba desert is calling to you; a simple walk over the mountain promises rich rewards as your link to nature is super-intense right now. A clandestine love affair might be in your cards, but keep in mind that Burners, like most humans, love to gossip; what happens at YOUtopia doesn't necessarily stay here.

## SAGITTARIUS

Were you one of those kids who hated group projects? I sure was. Well, YOUtopia is a perfect place to jettison that baggage! Pursuits with like-minded peers could yield long-lasting connections. This is a time to engage in lively, earnest, big-picture thinking with people who share your interests. Flex your community-minded muscle and take an EGO (Exploratory Group Observations) Trip to add uniqueness to the Collective Cognition Map the Hap project. It'll be fun, I promise.

## CAPRICORN

Keep on swimmin', sea goat! Your October leading up to now might've felt rather fraught, as if the balance between family (both blood and chosen), your home life, and your career are getting stress-tested. You're up to the challenge, of course, and your hard work may reap a tangible new reward after you return to the Default around the time of the New Moon on the 21st. In the meantime, though, enjoy the break! Learning a new skill may bring you satisfaction. Perhaps a Shibari rope lesson at Suspension of Innocence? Or, if you're art-tentative, visit Round Tuit and MOBA (The Museum of Bad Art) for friendly entries into Radical Self-Expression.

## AQUARIUS

Hopefully the Full Moon that just passed brought you good news in love or at work—or perhaps you used that time to hatch a brilliant scheme for fun or edification, likely something travel- or communication-based. Use your time at YOUtopia to more deeply connect with your authentic voice. In your wanderings, you may want to interact with See Your Shadow, Echoes of the Heart, The Garden of Free Will, and any other arts that help confront and synthesize the darkling sides of your psyche. If you don't have any travel scheduled upon your return to the Default, consider taking a journey here at the event—perhaps a Portal experience at Confidently Wrong?

## PISCES

Earlier in the month, you may have released yourself from some sort of work or obligation that hasn't been serving you. While at YOUtopia, whenever your energy is feeling low, give yourself full permission to rest in silence. Seek out gentle, low-key ways to fulfill your Piscean impulse for transcendence of barriers; perhaps High Noon Figure Drawing at The O.K. Art Corral, where you can be artist, model, or even canvas. Through your quiet wayfaring, you can discover new collaborators and projects that will honor and esteem your energetic attentions.

## ARIES

The approaching New Moon is nudging you to form new partnerships—perhaps the romantic sort, if you're looking, or even a new business arrangement. Take time to check in with your inner authority to make sure you know what you want. Consider attending a sunset service with Church of Cage if you're craving some spiritual support. (Very Aries advice from Saint Nic: "I have an acronym for myself. B-A-D: Balls, Attitude, Direction. You should give yourself an acronym...'cause it helps you visualize your goals."

## TAURUS

You may be feeling very strange: unsettled, hazy. This dreamy atmosphere is set to be your new normal for years to come, so use YOUtopia for practice: turn off your mind, relax, and open yourself to the etheric stream, then deploy those downloads to reshape your reality. If someone wants to know what you're thinking about, it may be best to simply grunt and gesture at the prismatic refractions of one of the many kaleidoscopic arts on display. A visit to the Electric Lazy Lounge is likely in order. This is also a good time to enact a new health regimen because, moon-eyed as you can get, Taurus, you must not forget to tend to the USDA Prime meat-space that houses your wild soul.

## GEMINI

It sounds pretty basic, but your YOUtopia keyword is PARTY. You are full of beans! Get out and mingle—new friendships could foster life-changing opportunities. You may be pining for fresh intellectual and creative outlets, particularly those that involve working with other people. Your cosmos is also teeming with romantic potential! If you're partnered, fan your flame(s) with funky little gifts and gestures (visit Medulla Oblongacha and Family Can Be Murder for corvid-core prize ideas and Snax-a-lotl and Youbobia for sweet treats). As you roam, create your

figurative (or literal!) vision board for near-future adventures.

## LEO

The universe is showering you with the gift of gab, you silver-tongued devil, you! If you're looking to flirt, Venus has endowed you with Cyrano de Bergerac-level linguistic prowess. Looking for more wholesome milieus in which to wield your high-level facility with words? Try improv with the Vaude-Villians! Other ways to make your voice heard: participate in the YOUtopia Census; attend the Iniquity: UV Art Gallery Opening and wax philosophical about the pieces on display; appear as a guest on Radio Equinox 99.5FM; or just drop into Center Camp to see if their programming would benefit from your pumped-up oratory.

## CANCER

You may be feeling an urge to break down barriers of all kinds; try not to clash with your campmates in your impulse towards expansion. Similarly, try not to overextend yourself. Maybe you're excited to do ALL THE THINGS at YOUtopia—but first, take advantage of the city's bountiful self-care and mindfulness activities to ground yourself in love and empathy. Recalibrate your inner kaleidoscope at The Chakra Oasis; pause for yoga with the Pinwheel Party Peeps or the Nippleodeon Saloon; have a lounge at Pink Heart or Baby Seal Club.

## VIRGO

Venus is casting a glittering spotlight onto the "big spender" part of your chart. Luckily, YOUtopia boasts a Gifting Economy, so you can step out and feel lavish without handling a cent! Get a massage at WTF (What the Fuck) and your hair done at Rave Fairy Braids. Drink afternoon tea at NaughTea Cat Café for that bonafide hipster experience. Seek out the city's speakeasies and sip on luxe craft cocktails, hidden from the prying eyes of the riffraff. Watch a crappy flick and munch on popcorn at Bad Idea Theater—no need to theater-hop to save funds. Catch an incredible concert at The Anomaly Live Music Stage. Make your way through the VIP rope to snap your perfect selfie at the Satanic Drug Thing Photo Wall. The YOUtopian world is your oyster!

## Bonus PSA for Everyone (Especially Scorpio-Sagittarius), Not to Fret About Until After YOUtopia: 2025's Last Mercury Retrograde

Starting Oct. 21, we'll start feeling the shadow of Mercury's upcoming backslide through Sagittarius and Scorpio, just in time for the winter holiday season. The blithe little fucker will cause severe foot-in-mouth syndrome leading up to Turkey Day. Cultivate space between you and the family members who really push your buttons (visit the YOUtopia Museum of Air and Space for inspiration). And for the love of Lucifer, refrain from inflammatory, provocative, or aggressive discussions, or else you WILL say something so devastatingly, caustically blunt that you'll quash any possible façade of familial harmony.

Also quadruple-check all travel plans—give yourself extra time at every possible juncture—avoid tightly-scheduled connecting flights. Mercury's bass-ackwards shenanigans should subside by the Winter Solstice.

# KALEIDOSCOPIC BIRD

A poem for two voices by klagor

Instructions: One person will read aloud the non-italicized lines. A second person will read aloud the italicized words. Bold middle lines are read as one, and lines with |'s are read at the same time.

Why? | *Fly!*

Who wants to be a bird anyway?

**All that nothing goes forever**

*In that blissful nothing I could shed*

You can't just throw away

**Millions of years of memories**

Why? | *Fly!*

Two legs are for standing

*On an earth that bores me*

Two hands are for grasping

*And pulling me into the heavens*

You must only

*It's a fraud to*

**fly with both feet on the ground**

Why? | *Fly!*

*You once were small*

*No bigger than a hand*

*The horizon was home*

*Was dangerous*

You once were grand

And terrible, consuming everything

That scurried and crawled and hid

And slumbered in the earth

You are | *You were*

**Delicious**

Why? | *Fly!*

I feel strange

*Perhaps it's the gravity*

But I'm lighter, with an itch

*The wind might scratch for you*

**The sky is**

Caw

*Caw*

**Calling!**

# I HATE BURNING MAN

by john jolley

I didn't go this year - mostly eliminated immediacy and because I couldn't afford it. discouraged authentic interactions

Additionally, I had major concerns - that I've been dramatically less regarding a certain member of the inclined to return, especially Burning Man Board of Directors: considering how much I was an individual who may be related exposed to such surveillance in 2023 and 2024.

who has made very deliberate fascist gestures, who has taken I was therefore pleased to hear this deeply troubling measures towards year was another difficult one, as diminishing first amendment rights far as weather goes; the rain and in the United States under the auspice of protecting them, who flooding we experienced in 2023 has taken powerful and direct resulted in what may have been my actions towards dismantling burned in 2023, on Monday, the democratic norms in the service of city had shrunk to half its size, and the burners that remained... well, advancing white supremacist narratives regarding "racial displacement" (or, as he likes to say, "population collapse") - an individual who has intentionally contributed to disemploying career scientists and loyal non-partisan public servants, resulting in the most significant "brain drain" we've ever seen in the US public sector. Which is to say nothing of the deaths of LITERALLY! MILLIONS! OF! PEOPLE! on account of his dismantling of USAID...

"...thx doge!"

Reading stories of participants helping their neighbors through the inclement weather this year warmed my heart - burners hiding with each other in strangers' shelters, hunkering down through 60mph winds - I'm certain that the connections made in this year's adverse circumstances will continue to positively impact event culture moving forward. It's almost enough to make me want to go again next year!

Still - aside from the Kimball Musk problem - I must say Burning Man hasn't been feeling "Radically Inclusive" to me for some time. Classism, wealth disparity, and ablism have all cast their indelible mark on what was once a place - a city! - where I felt I could experience all kinds of people, in all stages of life.

I guess if there was any one thing that could get me out to Burning Man again next year, it would be a full divestment by the BORG from the Musk family - though, in the absence of that, a clear and deliberate anti-phone policy from the top down would work too. Imagine, if greeters met participants at the gate with stickers for their phone cameras!

"Who gets to go to Burning Man?" Ideally, it would be participants who buy in to the principles; folks who haven't been before, but yearn to lean in to the culture; people who really want to "BE THERE!" in an immediate way. Perhaps most importantly, in this editorialist's opinion, participants who feel comfortable putting their fucking phones away for a week and a half!

Oh fuck it, what am I saying - I'll go as long as I'm able to. If I find myself ticketed next year, you best believe I'll be out there, harassing billionaires, eating MREs, and slapping your phone right out of your fucking hands.

The next several years are going to be pivotal for this country; they will be for Black Rock City as well. I hate Burning Man, but I'll be damned if I see it devolve into a crypto-fascist AI tech bubble grift parade!

Participants are being being subjected to such constant phone camera surveillance by other participants - surveillance that has actively prevented radical self-expression, surveillance that has See you next year.



MORE FAKE ADS

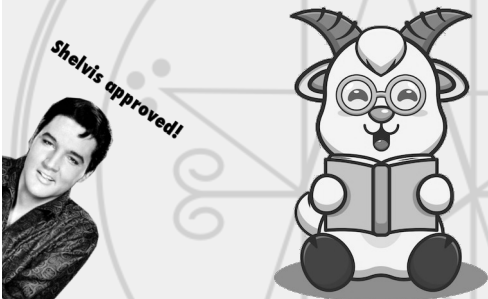
He Olde Shower  
Karaoke

est 2017  
(There's No Actual Water)

Schedule  
Wednesday 2pm to 4pm  
Thursday 3pm to 5pm  
Friday 2pm to 4pm  
Saturday 2pm to 4pm



Come Check Out  
The Little Free Satanic  
Drug Thing Library



Great for passing an afternoon or evening!  
Keep the books you check out!  
Content guaranteed to offend someone, somewhere!

At Camp Satanic Drug Thing

BURNER  
JEOPARDY!

Three people - maybe you? - compete for the  
title of Burner Jeopardy Champion 2025  
Camp Satanic Drug Thing, Friday 5pm

WOW A NEW CHOOSE-YOUR-OWN-ADVENTURE  
THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING DJ  
WHO IS NOT VERY PLOT RELEVANT

ONLY GOOD ENDINGS BUT SOME ARE BETTER



**START** - You're co-running a theme camp at a desert event (that's legally distinct from any other desert events) and tonight your camp is hosting a party. So far it's bopping along just great. The crowd is chilling, the sun is setting, and now it's time to make sure the next DJ is ready to go. They're a big name, too: Mack Guffin, aka DJ Plot Device. They were supposed to be here by now. Well, no worries, you'll just run out real quick, figure out where they might be and help them be here on time. If you can't find them then I guess you'll improvise and find someone else who can fill the spot. Ok, you step out onto the road and decide which way to head to first: towards the quiet part of the event or the loud part?

- Quiet part, probably. That's where a DJ would be getting ready, isn't it (Go to 32)
- Loud part, probably. DJs are associated with loud noises, aren't they (Go to 21)

**2** - You're going to climb the tower. It's the thing that has to happen. Both you and the tower need to do this to be complete. You grab the last bit to attach at the very top and start working your way up. You didn't think this would be easy, but you somehow find reserves of strength that you didn't know you had. You climb quickly up and feel a rising sense of belonging. As you enter the cloud layer everything goes gray but you keep climbing and with your mind's eye only see the tower. The tower is the focus; it's what all things are measured by; it holds both space and time up. Everything is in its right place because the tower is in its right place. Or it will be, once you attach the last bit. You climb, layer by layer, past the clouds and into the cold, until finally you arrive at the top where the last bit goes. In the distance the Earth curves, somewhere below you are the clouds, and somewhere below that is the party. You will get back. You will bring the people in the clock camp to DJ the party. You will take care of everything, but for a moment you will stay here, at the center of the sky, savoring this moment before you attach the final bit that will separate the heavens from the Earth.

**3** - It'll probably be easier to teach the coral a human language than the other way around. After all, you're pretty much an

expert on human languages and besides, coral speech is rather hard to hear, being so quiet and all. Now, a goal having clearly been set, you find yourself in a predicament: you must choose a method for teaching them language. You didn't think this night would involve so many problems of Anthozoaic pedagogy but sometimes life comes at you rather quickly. Given the situation, and the need to act fast, you decide... um... you decide...:  
- ...you guess, immersion? How are you supposed to even know? (Go to 38)  
- ...you guess, you'll come up with some sort of rule system they can memorize? How are you supposed to even know? (Go to 15)

**4** - You show up back at your camp carrying a mannequin. Everyone's a bit confused, but with full confidence you set the mannequin up onstage and step back. Moments later a lightning bolt strikes it and, oddest thing, the mannequin starts to move. Hey, maybe your good deed cleaning up after others really did earn you some credit. Powered by the mysterious and poorly understood force of electricity, the mannequin comes alive, grabs the audio cables, and somehow feeds the audio signal directly into the mixer. Incredible beats burst out the speakers and the dance floor erupts. The mannequin amazes the crowd with an incredible set enjoyed by all before powering down as the sun rises. You go to sleep satisfied with a job well done and you don't at all overthink what your night implied about the nature of life, karma, or the universe.

**5** - You head up into the cockloft, where you find the low ceiling difficult for someone your size to crawl around beneath. Up here is a nice, if low, apartment with an open floor plan, and living in it is a large rooster who's finishing getting ready to go out for the night. Like all roosters, he's a competent DJ (they're great at scratching) and he would love to spin at your party. Unfortunately he made plans to attend a dancing competition at the nearby bird camp but he's been waffling on going as he doesn't like their camp decor that much. That's not a problem, though, because you suggest:  
- your camp can host the bird dance competition and combine the parties (Go

to 64)  
- you'll attend the dance competition in his stead so he can spin at your party (Go to 29)

**6** - You say you'll help wire the tower for sound. After all, sound is what you need for your camp, so this seems like the way to go to maximize synergy and all that. You help run cables as the campers explain the tower acts like an antenna, not just for radio, but for everything: speech, thoughts, past, future, the living, the dead, and not yet born. Well, that sounds neat and not at all ominous. You ask, hey, what if we wire the signal from the antenna over to your camp's speakers, once the tower/antenna is done. They agree and think it's a great idea to play the thoughts of all souls drifting through this spacetime through your camp's PA. One quick walk and wireless link later, you're back at your camp, turning the sound up for a surprised audience who suddenly experiences a unity of spirit with all cosmic life that was, is, and will be. Well, at least for the duration of the party.

**7** - You offer to host the singing competition at your camp and everyone is quite happy about putting you in charge. In fact, you they seem suspiciously happy about it. You soon realize why: the competition organizers have't done anything. They haven't even picked a format. They're in a deadlock between the psittacines who are pushing for a karaoke type thing, and the accipitriformes who want to base it on the hit show Eyrievision. They ask you to cast the deciding vote, which catches you off guard as you were distracted trying to figure out what types of birds psittacines and accipitriformes were. After giving the matter a short thought, you say:  
- "Karaoke sounds like fun. Let's do that" (Go to 42)  
- "Eyrievision sounds like fun. Let's do that" (Go to 20)

**8** - You grab the keyboard and head back into your camp. Everyone is giving you slightly worried looks as you hook up the old plastic thing, but you have a good feeling about this. As you finish and step back, an out-of-nowhere lightning bolt strikes the old plastic piano, which turns on and starts playing itself. Hey, maybe that good deed cleaning up after others really did earn you some credit. Not only that, but that little-understood force called "electricity" has precisely reprogrammed the piano to turn it into a mean drum machine with incredible leads. The synths are complex, the melodies are powerful, and the structures form and spin like intricate wheels within wheels. As the night wraps up, the piano slowly powers down, and you head to your tent with both a sense of accomplishment and a newfound interest in that cryptic phenomenon, "electricity," that made your evening possible.

**9** - It'll probably be faster to learn to speak coral than it would be to teach them to speak to you, so you give that a shot. Powered by a sense of zeal and raw optimism, you throw yourself into the task of deciphering the meaning of the soft whispers of coral. Yes, soft whispers, because coral are thought to communicate

using sound. (This is actually true, look it up when you get back). So anyways, yeah, you commit to learning their quiet language and pretty soon get the hang of it. Turns out, it's pretty rudimentary, which is unsurprising considering how simple they are as animals. (Oh, they're animals not plants, by the way. You can look that up too while you're at it). Common language now established, how do you communicate to the coral they need to DJ your party?  
- It's gotta be quick: write the great coral novel (Go to 48)  
- It's gotta be quick: start an underground zinepaper and distribute it in their camp (Go to 54)

**10** - Right, you obviously need to build your own turntables. The idea that you'll just find one laying about, especially in a sculpture garden, is absurd. Let's look around and see what you have to work with here. Not a lot. There's sand, there's twigs, there's leaves, and ... no, actually, that's it. You've got a dilemma before you. Are you using twigs and do your best to weave them into a set of turntables? Or do you want to shape a set of turntables out of leaves?  
- Woof, not great options... twigs I guess? (Go to 44)  
- Woof, not great options... leaves I guess? (Go to 27)

**11** - What better way to communicate with robots, you figure, than with mathematics. They probably can't get enough of the stuff. You gather the robots around and show them that, while the Natural Intelligence they came up with seems really good at arriving at answers quickly and confidently, it's, unfortunately, usually wrong. Wrong when writing proofs, wrong when solving complex equations, and, in fact, often wrong when even doing basic arithmetic. Shocked, the robots awaken, like from a deep sleep, and realize they were fooled by the NI's claimed abilities. They return to doing things the old way, using the artificial intelligence they were created with. Thankful to you for your help, they realize that, while it's too late to get their camp ready for a party tonight, and they'd still like to do something, and they offer to DJ your camp's party. It's a big win/win and concludes with everyone enjoying a great robot set, even if it did sound a bit like that modem connecting noises.

**12** - Yes you're in a hurry, but that doesn't mean you can't help put some moops back in place real quick. Convert those moops into mips. Maybe pitching in to help will be good, you know? In a karmic credit sort of way. You start bagging lose trash, and underneath the piles of plastic and paper you unearth two unexpected finds: a full body mannequin, and a cheap electronic piano of indeterminate brand. Now, for completely contrived reasons, you can only bring one of these items back with you, so you have to choose. Which one will save the night? Will it be the mannequin, or the cheap electronic piano?  
- Uh... mannequin (Go to 4)  
- Uh... cheap electronic piano (Go to 8)

**13** - Let's just deal with the architectural logistics of this first: there's an open

basement space below that they somehow brought to the event with them; and in this basement space there is a tumulus that the staircase continues down into. And in that tumulus, sitting in a coffin and looking kinda lonely, is, in fact, a DJ. Also he's a vampire (I should probably have lead with that, though you probably figured it out already). The vampire would love to DJ for your party, he says, but he can't possibly leave right now as he doesn't have a vampire date to bring with and that would be a major faux pas. Ignoring how the vampire even got into this situation, you quickly suggest...  
- to turn yourself into a vampire to accompany him (Go to 18)  
- to turn the vampire into a human so the faux will pas no more (Go to 16)

**14** - You volunteer to help with the tower, it's majestic grandeur pulling at you somehow. You're already positive this will somehow tie in with your need for sound for your party, but you're not sure how yet. You talk with the crew here and they need you in one of two places: helping wire the tower for sound, or attaching the final bit to the top. After that, they will be done and can help you DJ, which was your original mission, but it somehow feels less important now than working on the tower. It feels like you really need to be involved with this, and, somehow the tower needs you just as much, like this was all meant to happen. Now, how will you help the tower help you?  
- Climb the tower and attach the bit to the top (Go to 2)  
- Help wire the tower for sound (Go to 6)

**15** - If there's one thing that can for sure be done quickly and easily, it's finding a clear, consistent, and easy-to-transmit set of rules for human communication, all without using human communication to explain them. You grab a pencil and paper and, bish-bash-bosh, you figure all that out and explain it to the coral. Turns out coral, being colony animals, are inherently biased towards following simple rule systems. A short time later you're chatting with the colony and making plans for how their DJ set will go. Soon, back at your camp, the corals are manipulating the tables like pros. It's amazing to watch their internal coöperation and decision making processes as the entire army of tiny animals decide what track to play next. It ends up being a night well worth remembering, both in terms of great music, and as a lesson on the benefits of collaboration. Harmony and harmony.

**16** - You explain that since when vampire bites a human it turns that human into a vampire, then obviously a human biting a vampire will turn the vampire into a human. Swayed by your ironclad logic, and rather bored of being here instead of partying, the vampire agrees to give it a shot. And would you look at that, it works. One meaty chomp later the vampire is right back to being human, completely devastating the entire literary metaphor that vampires are supposed to represent. Social taboo on vampires going to parties without a second vampire successfully bypassed, the now ex-vampire grabs their gear and heads back to your camp party, where they proceed to rock an amazing

underground set.  
  
**17** - You realize the problem here is these robots were raised poorly, probably having attended robot schools that prioritize STEM at the expense of philosophy. This, unfortunately, puts them at a disadvantage when trying to understand things on long term basis. The Natural Intelligence assistant will only be useful in the short-term, and the robots aren't yet seeing the inevitable consequences of outsourcing their thinking. No problem though, you can easily explain the importance of effort in the arenas of self-valuation and self-creation, since that's how we overcome and grow as people. Er, I mean grow as robots. The only question now is, what example should you use to explain this?  
- Use music (Go to 39)  
- Use math (Go to 11)  
  
**18** - What better way to make a major decision that will affect the rest of your life (and rest of your afterlife) than basing it entirely on how likely is it to make a party happen? You suggest to the vampire that turning you means you can go along as the vampire's +1, therefore letting him exit the camp. The vampire agrees, almost too quickly, and definitely doesn't appear to have been hoping for this exact outcome. He says he thinks this is a great solution to both your problems, and a quick nip, and the start of an eternal life later, you head out into the night, back to your camp, for an evening of some seriously spooky beats.

**19** - You head into the coral camp and find yourself in what appears to be a beautifully decorated, life-sized recreation of a giant reef. Actually, the illusion is almost too perfect as you start to realize there are no tents here, nor anything that implies any human presence. Suddenly a realization breaks over you: the coral are the camp. This is a colony of corals who came out to the desert have themselves a good time. That being super clear now, the next step is to communicate with the coral and see if they want to DJ your party. But how to plug the communication gap?  
- Learn the language of the coral (Go to 9)  
- Teach the coral human language (Go to 3)

**20** - Convinced by the raptors' argument, you decide on the Eyrievision format. They give you a crash course. Each bird type will send up a group of performers who will sing a song written for the party, accompanied by an associated dance routine. At the end, a complex voting process determines a winner. Soon a large stage made from interwoven twigs is set up, and the contestants start performing. While the event itself is fascinating, it turns out the real action is backstage as you witness all the rehearsals, arguments, and accusations of collusion and cheating. A scandal erupts when the passerine contestant is revealed to be lip-syncing, while a lizard (a relatively close cousin of birds) sang backstage. You get so lost in the chaos you can't even remember who wins, but the morning after you hear it was the best Eyrievision yet.

**21** - Since you need someone to make



some noise for a party, heading towards the part of the event filled people who are making all the noise seems like the right choice. You walk away from your camp, checking around for either DJ Plot Device, or anyone else who could fill in for a set. Unfortunately, everyone you run across already has plans, and, camp by camp, you get further and further away from where you started. In fact, you're now in a part of the event you don't quite recognize, by a little fork in the road. The choice before you is between going a bit uphill to where a little cloud is hovering, or going down a ways into a slightly shadowy canyon.

- Let's check out that hill where the cloud is (Go to 34)

- Let's check out the canyon where the shadows are (Go to 61)

**22** - At first the idea of somehow containing enough water in camp for the minkes to do their set from seems quite daunting to you (to your knowledge, no one has ever managed to trap water in a large container before). Luckily, you have a flash of insight. You've seen cuddlepools at the event before, and how they effectively trap cuddles so they can't splash out and about. Well, what if, instead of cuddles, the pool contained water? You explain the concept to the minke whales and they are 100% aboard. Soon, you and your campmates create a new device you call a "waterpool."The mad forces of water successfully contained within, the minke whales are able to run their set from your camp and a great night is had by all.

**23** - You realize quickly it's too late for normal arguments to be effective as the robots have stopped using their normal artificial brains, and rely entirely on the Natural Intelligence for all their decision making. Guided by the sweet and confident lies told to them by the NI, the robots have fallen deep into robot psychosis. The only solution is to remove the NI from the robot society so they have a chance to rediscover themselves and their own decision making again. Looking around, you notice the NI itself seems to be a little datacenter in middle of their camp, not particularly well protected. You also see a long electrical cable leading from their camp over to the event's main grid. As you understand it that's probably not how the main grid is supposed to be used. Looks like the robots is are siphoning shared electricity off to power this thing. What do you do next?

- Sneak in and disable the Natural Intelligence (Go to 37)

- Unplug the cable they're using to get electricity from the event grid (Go to 40)

**24** - You figure since the opossum is native to North America she might do a better job, so you ask for her to join you. Oh, she's a she. I didn't bring that up earlier 'cause maybe it wasn't going to be relevant, but now it is so I'm introducing it. You and she head back to camp where she starts setting up and you suddenly realize, oh crap, there are still so many small tasks that need to be done: generator needs refueling, the speakers are misaligned, the cuddlepool isn't cuddly at all, and the lights aren't lit. No problem, the opossum isn't the only North

American marsupial here since she brought her young in her pouch. The helpful little critters jump out and, under your guidance, quickly get the entire camp set up just fine. The DJ set goes off great and a good time is had by all.

**25** - Clearly the best way to find a DJ "at" an event is to stay at the event, that's just elementary logic. The outer regions and trash fence are much more of a long shot, so instead you walk to the mysterious roundabout and check out the two most quiet camps in the mellow zone. They're both quite quiet, indeed. The first seems to contain a slightly scary looking abandoned mansion; the other has more of a colorful underwater reef thing going. Not a lot of movement in either camp right now. Hard to say which is more likely to lead to a DJ encounter from where you're standing...

- Well, obviously the mansion is better odds, that's the sort of camp where a DJ would be hanging out (Go to 45)

- Well, obviously the ocean is better odds, that's the sort of camp where a DJ would be hanging out (Go to 19)

**26** - The most fundamental characteristic of a turntable is how it looks like a table. It's right there in the name. And would you look at that, there's a stone that kinda looks like one of those folding tables you have to pull the legs out and then secure the little diagonal supports in place with those sliding cylinders. Where does everyone even get those tables? They always look identical. Anyways, just like that, you find a stone and confidently walk it down to the camp and start your set. The set is, of course, silent, but done with such confidence and sense of purpose that those vibes spread from you into the audience. You push sliders that aren't there, blow dust off the records no one quite sees, and carefully beatmatch songs no one can hear. Everyone is enraptured who watches your "DJ set," and while it wasn't the loudest of the parties out there, everyone agrees they saw something unique this night.

**27** - You figure leaves must be the better sculpting material. Combined with some sand and a bit of water from your water bottle, and you make a decent enough structure. Oh, you have a water bottle, I think I forgot to let you know that.

Anyways, you start mixing up a homemade cement and pretty soon have a pretty decent facsimile of a turntable set. You proudly head back and set it up onstage at your camp. The feeling of achievement lasts right up until you need to plug your turntables into the mixer and realize you forgot to sculpt a plug for the cable. A cold breeze hits you and rustles the leaves of your turntable, creating a nice calming sound. Soon it kinda dawns on you and everyone else you're in nature, surrounded by the always pleasant sound of leaves, birds, and night animals. You all wind up having a really nice, chill time listening to the drylands version of a sound bath.

**28** - You decide to go see what the large whales are talking about in their deep tones and maybe see if one of them can help you out with your party. Turns out, they're already doing something that

overlaps with your music needs: building a giant device to route all whale songs being sung in the ocean to play through their speaker system. They are running into two problems. First, their speakers aren't working. Second, the microphone in the ocean isn't working. Well, the solution to the first is super easy: they can use the great ones at your camp. But the second? Hm. Well, you do have one idea:

- Just steal one of the navy's sound detection arrays (Go to 56)

- Just have the whales sing their own songs live here (Go to 41)

**29** - You pitch the rooster an idea: what if you attend the bird dance competition disguised as the rooster and the rooster spins your party? You look at each other and agree that's such an off the wall idea, it just might work. So a plan is hatched. You scour through the cockpit collecting stuff with which to make a rooster disguise: some colorful tie-dye shirts to shred for feathers, yellow boots, and a cone bra for the beak (kids: ask your parents). After donning all that, and adopting a good confident strut, you are ready. The rooster heads to bump your party, and you go hang out as a socialite floating through the dance competition. You enjoy watching the dance battle, and feel good about making this work for everyone; so much so, you even forgive yourself for that "hatched" pun earlier.

**30** - You ask for the possum to DJ your party tonight and the Trash Queen agrees. You and the cute critter head off for the camp where the little fella sets up and is soon ready to go. As soon as the beat drops you remember that possums are from Australia in the antipodes, and since you forgot to adjust the cables for the opposite polarity, all the beats are now upside down. For long moments, confusion reigns. Was this the metaphor all along? Then, to your surprise and relief, people kinda get the hang of it. Sure, the sound is upside down, but people can get down with that, or upside-down with that, as the case may be. The possum does a sweet set for everyone, and, when done, glides back to the Trash Queen's realm and a great night is had by all.

**31** - You go with the classic giant-rotating-hands-over-a-disk-numbered-1-to-12 approach. You help the camp with pulling the rope to lift the face up, attach the lights, and finally set the mechanism in motion. As the various components start turning, grinding, pausing, latching, and restarting, the sound of it begins to fascinate you. An idea starts forming in your head: the fundamental essence of a DJ set is rhythm, so when something happens rhythmically, with the right ears, it becomes music. What if the DJ set was just this: a complex mechanism dancing through the sounds of wind, slowly changing over time as various components run, and some gears start while their counters stop? With the help of the clock camp, you set up microphones around the contraption, and run the cable to your camp to power the installation. While the set up is unexpected, once people get into it it actually goes over really well. A little reminder about the beauty of finding the

music in the flow of time around you.

**32** - Right, of course, if a DJ is getting ready, they're not DJing, so you should look for one in the quiet parts of the event. You set off speedily down the path and look for clues as to where a DJ might be: dropped record sleeves, misplaced power cables, complaints about house music whispered on wind... but so far, nothing. Camp and camp go by and it looks like there's neither a DJ Plot Device, or anyone else who'd like to cover for them, in evidence. And now, uh oh, looks like you're coming to the edge of the event.

- Turn down the mysterious roundabout where the last two camps are (Go to 25)

- Head out of the event area and head up the hill into the beyond (Go to 43)

**33** - You never met-a-phor you didn't like, so you continue right on with this one right out of this liminal space to the unknowns outermost edge: the trash fence. Maybe you'll find a DJ, maybe you'll find yourself, maybe you'll find... the Trash Queen? Because that's what you actually find when you arrive. You have entered the realm of the Trash Queen that rules the periphery. She and her subjects are currently busy cleaning up the area but she has time to grant you a quick audience about your problems. That's good progress since if anyone can help you it's probably a local monarch. You also still suspect that this still be a metaphor for something, but that metaphor is getting quite complicated.

- Ask Trash Queen if she can spare you a DJ for the night (Go to 50)

- Offer your cleaning services to the Trash Queen (Go to 12)

**34** - Well, it's a 50/50 shot, so you figure you might as well head up. You take the uphill path into the fog and hear the muffled sounds of beats from the two camps on top of this little plateau. Off to your left, a large pod of various whales has set up camp and they're handing out krill and playing some deep beats. On the right is a huge flock of birds who look like they're setting up for what's looks like some sort of a competition. These both seem to be pretty good choices, so do you want totry and recruit a whale DJ or a bird DJ?

- Whale DJ! (Go to 49)

- Bird DJ! (Go to 52)

**35** - You walk towards the camp with the giant clock figuring they're likely to best understand the time-sensitive nature of your situation. Your plan is simple: get in, find someone to DJing your party, head back. Your plan, however, is immediately forgotten as you understand the immensity and profundity of the tower and clocks. You can't even tell where the tower ends as it disappears into the low clouds, dramatically painted by the setting sun. Also, the various clock faces at ground level are weirdly haunting as they run: some slowly turn, some blink, some with mechanisms and wires exposed. You ask the people here what the story is and they explain they're currently rushing to finish their clock tower, but as soon as that's done they'll be free to help you with your party. Well, that'd be win/win, especially as you begin to get emotionally invested in their project.

- Offer to help build the tower (Go to 14)
- Offer to help install the clock (Go to 59)

**36** - You check out the stationary stone statuary garden. It looks like a collection of unusually shaped rocks and boulders imported from elsewhere then arranged into a greater, harmonious whole. Understanding slowly comes over you: the only reason the stones are sculpture is because they're displayed as such. Therefore, any stone can be a sculpture, which also means any person can be a DJ. You can be tonight's DJ. All it takes is being presented as a DJ. And you can be since you already have a stage back at camp. Decision made, now all you need is turntables.

- Find turntables in the stone garden (Go to 46)
- Make turntables in the stone garden (Go to 10)

**37** - You understand that when the Natural Intelligence is used like this, it's very existence is immoral. Therefore you'll take a direct approach. Since you know the robots outsource all decision making to the Natural Intelligence in the center of camp, and you know since the NI can only react to things it was trained to react to, you must simply present it with something it won't immediately recognize as a threat. Thinking quickly, you grab a cardboard box, draw a California Tarantula on all sides of it (since everyone knows they are not a threat but should still be left alone), put the box over your head, then saunter over to the NI. Once there, you pour some water from your water bottle on the NI's enclosure to short it out. Oh, you have a water bottle, I think I never mentioned that before in this line of choices, sorry. As the NI goes offline, the robots seem to awaken from a haze. They thank you and suggest, as a show of their gratitude, that they will DJ your party. As you all head back to your camp, you think how fortunate it is this little sci-fi branch of the adventure didn't turn out to be a thinly veiled metaphor for anything going on in the world right now.

**38** - It's probably gonna be easier to teach the coral human language through immersion, you figure, seeing how coral spend most of their lives immersed in the ocean after all. So, you invite the coral over to your camp and start having conversations with each other around them. Soon, people stop to check out what all the chatter's about, and an interested crowd forms. with all this All the chatting, friend-making, and good-time-having seems familiar... wait a minute, you just started a party. Someone busts out a boombox and start playing some jams, too. You're not entirely sure if the coral ever quite learn to speak human, but they certainly had a great time at the party along with everyone else.

**39** - Well, music seems the obvious choice, since the start of this whole adventure was the search for a DJ. You explain to the robots that the act of making music shouldn't be outsourced to the Natural Intelligence they invented. The only way to become someone who understands and enjoys creating and listening to music at a deeper level is by making mistakes, then overcoming them,

iteratively. By learning to use your tools, like whatever instruments you happen to play, you increase your 'vocabulary' of creative things you can do, equipping you with even more ways to be creative. Perhaps, counterintuitively, there is no creativity without the often uncreative work of incompetence. Quickly coming around to your argument, the robots abandon the NI and go back to DJing by hand (or in this case by extendible manipulatory dingus) and agree to do their best and rock a great set for your camp.

**40** - Stealing the event's electricity to power their Natural Intelligence is going too far. To make it worse, the cable is an unmarked tripping hazard. This gives you an idea. Putting on your clumsiest human expression and pretending to be distracted by something in the middle distance, you approach the long cable powering the NI. You make a grand show of getting caught up in it as you trip and tumble, dragging the cable with you the entire time. A distant crash rewards your effort as you feel the cable loosen as it unplugs. The change in the camp is immediate. Without the Natural Intelligence causing their collective robot psychosis, the robots come back to their senses. They thank you for helping them and start making amends for their electricity theft. While most of them start cleaning up the mess in their camp, a couple of the more DJ-y ones offer to help with your party. As you all heads back to your camp, you think how lucky it is this sci-fi branch is not a thinly-veiled metaphor for anything going on in the real world right now.

**41** - You point out there's a fairly obvious solution to the problem of the microphone not working: you don't need a microphone in the ocean. They're whales. They can just sing the songs themselves. At first the whales are quite shy about the prospect (they don't often sing for an audience they can see), but after some coaxing you convince a particularly social Humpback to sing a few songs for the party. Soon, the others join in with surprisingly poignant and complex harmonies, and the sound of giant whales singing a cappella resonates through your camp and beyond. As the night proceeds, a large crowd has come to check out the whale chorus, a great atmosphere forms, and the good times go long into the night.

**42** - Swayed by the persuasive parrots, you agree nothing is a more classic desert event experience than karaoke. You and the birds set up a fancy stage and soon enough, various avian contestants from around the world are singing all the bird classics (that are definitely not just an excuse to write a string of progressively worse puns) like: "Gulls Just Wanna Have Fun", "Hawk You Like A Hurricane", "Every Breath You Take (Owl Be Watching You)", "Wake Me Up Before You Crow-Crow", and of course "When Doves Cry", because not even birds could improve on Prince's genius. The night goes fantastically and everyone has a great time, and as the sun comes up you head to your tent with the satisfaction of a job well done.

**43** - You pass the camps and climb the lonely hill beyond. Looking back the event's colorful lights stretched out behind you, you're struck by the silence and a calm twilight that lies in front of you. This liminal space feels like maybe this quest is becoming a metaphor for something in your life, but you can't quite place your finger on what. One thing is for sure though, you can't stay where you're at now if you have any hope to find a DJ tonight. Ok, so what are your choices? A bit off to your left is a sculpture garden someone built from a varied array of huge objects, while up ahead is the outermost stretch of the event: the trash fence. Which to check out next?

- Check out the sculpture garden (Go to 36)
- Check out the trash fence (Go to 33)

**44** - Twigs have to be the way to go, you figure. People have been making things out of wood since the Stone Age. In fact, it is more appropriately called the Wood Age, in your well-reasoned opinion. You commit yourself to the task entirely, interleaving, shaping, and snapping twigs into place with the speed and precision of a team of expert weaver beavers. Soon, you have a fairly turntably looking object and you proudly set off back to camp. You arrive and set up, but a creeping realization comes over you now that you're in better lighting. What you seem to have made is a particularly chaotic bird's nest. So much so that moments later, a pair of birds arrives to start setting up family home in it. Fortunately for you, they're song birds and their singing provides for a rather pleasant set of natural twilight sounds that everyone enjoys. And, thanks to you, these birds become the first DJs to actually own their own home.

**45** - You approach the mansion and the door swings open by itself. I suppose that means it's proooobably ok to check out the premises. The inside is surprisingly well-decorated, in a fancy-Victorian-plywood-furniture kind of way, giving it a vibe that can be best described as crafty, "on-the-go Dracula." Or maybe "flatpack-Nosferatu." Oh, also there's no one here. In fact, you're kinda worried about what happened to the campers... But you need a DJ. You will not be deterred. In the center there's a staircase. One flight leads up into the cockloft, the other down to the tumulus.

- Let's check out the cockloft, which probably is a real thing that buildings have up high (Go to 5)
- Let's check out the tumulus which probably is a real thing found in basements (Go to 13)

**46** - Right. Concentrate only on one self-redefining insight per night. Tonight's is "you can be a DJ." Let's leave "you can construct your own turntables" for tomorrow. Let's find something around here that can be used as turntables. You start an inventory of what's in the immediate area but rapidly realize your choices are limited to rocks. Various sizes shapes and colors, but all indisputably of an exclusively geologic nature. That's not a problem for you though: you are still riding that north star of inspiration. You confidently break the task down into the

axiomatic characteristics thing that makes something a set of turntables:

- Two large disc-like stones that look like records (Go to 53)
- A large flat a stone that looks like a table (Go to 26)

**47** - Being someone who probably uses more powers of two in their daily life than the average person, you think I'd realize in a choose-your-own-adventure with five layers that there should be 63 paragraphs, not 64 (especially after I got it wrong last year), but no. Here we are again with a paragraph you can never reach. At this point, this might become a recurrent little secret that reveals to you to, what I think, was the best ending of the prior year's adventure. In last year's case it was the "unionizing the angels against god" ending. To get to that one, start by going to higher ground, approach the scorpion, search for the beat, search heaven, and then lead the angels in a labor strike. Not that we might have any particular reason to think about uniting in solidarity to protect our rights against a governing body. Cheers, and have a good one.

**48** - Of course! When you think of something accomplished quickly and easily, you think of writing the great novel that unites an entire generation, and instills in all a compassionate shared vision for the future. In this case, it will unite an entire generation of coral, but the concept is the same. Which means it'd have to be the audiobook that unites an entire generation, because coral don't have vision. You swiftly knock out an inspirational text about the importance of partying, and one quick proofread later the coral are all inspired and aligned, choosing to perform their set at your camp (which they can totally do because we established in the previous paragraph they have the genes required for basic hearing). Having jury-rigged a complex system to allow them to control the turntables, you amaze the entire event by showcasing the first concert performed entirely by a colonial marine invertebrate species. A great night is had by all.

**49** - Whales seem like the right choice here. They're kind of a bigger deal, though some are obviously a bigger deal than others, as you quickly figure out. Whales of all sizes and interests are spread over this half the plateau, so you'll need to narrow down your search. Do you think you'll have better luck with the smaller minke whales, who are busy cutting up the dancefloor; or do you go to the far side of the camp and check out where the older rorquals are hanging out and setting up some sort of a large device.

- The minke whales seem like they dig dancing, maybe they can DJ, too (Go to 62)
- The rorquals seem more responsible, and that thing they're building looks interesting (Go to 28)

**50** - You come before the Trash Queen and explain to her your problems. This adventure you're on, the choices you've chosen, and how you still need to find someone to spin for your party. She ponders before letting you know she does have two DJs in her retinue. Either could be spared for one evening. It's up to you to



pick: one is a possum, and the other is an opossum. Since you definitely remember the difference between a possum and an opossum, you don't ask her to remind you which is which before deciding

- The possum will be the DJ for tonight (Go to 30)
- The opossum will be the DJ for tonight (Go to 24)

**51** - You pitch a slightly avant-garde idea: what if you hold the dance contest in silence? The contestants enthusiastically agree since it would give them a chance to show off skills they don't normally get to. Soon after the competition begins, it quickly evolves into something slower and more theatrical. Improvised plays are staged with elaborate narratives that showcase not only the incredible physical acumen of the birds, but also their mental agility in how they can create these stories in real time. They're of all generic stripes: tragedies, comedies, everything in between. It's an incredible night, and everyone agrees it's the start of new era in the competitive bird dancing world. Sure, it's kinda niche, but hey, it's nice to be able to say you helped foster the creation of something entirely new.

**52** - You head up to the bird camp only to find a chaotic and tense situation. They accidentally double-booked and aren't quite sure what to do. They arranged for there to be both a singing competition AND a dance competition, but they only have space for one. Not a problem, as you can think of a solution that would solve both their and your problem: your camp will host one of the events, so long as the birds lend you a DJ for the night. Everyone agrees. Now, the only question is, do you want to host the singing competition or the dance competition?

- Ooo, both sound pretty good, but let's do the singing competition (Go to 7)
- Ooo, both sound pretty good, but let's do the dance competition (Go to 57)

**53** - Obviously, what makes something a turntable set is having two discs. This is the Platonic ideal of the form. You find the two flattest and cirliest stones in the garden. Confidently striding into party, for what is now your DJ set, you place the rocks on the stage hook up the cables. The effect is, to put it mildly, jarring. The sound is loud, and to put it even more mildly, buzzy. Arrhythmic clicks, pops, hisses, and zaps all wash over the dance floor. Confused at first, the crowd slowly but surely comes around. Pretty soon more people gather to experience this new thing you're doing with the raw sounds of nature. The night goes great and everyone agrees yourDJ set totally rocked.

**54** - If you want to bring about rapid world change, there's only one option: an underground zine paper. It's a method so powerful, so effective, and so easy to master, it's almost shocking more people don't do it. You rapidly, and near-effortlessly, write, layout, and print a coral language zinepaper before remembering coral can't see. No problem though, you read it out loud to them. Unfortunately, the effect is more powerful than you expected; something you should have foreseen considering how influential zinepapers are in our current culture.

Your publication causes a revolution that sweeps through the oceans, planetwide. Luckily, the resulting party sounds from all the world's salt water ecosystem, encompassing phytoplankton all the way up to cetaceans, are loud enough that everyone in your camp has a great night.

**55** - You suggest to the birds that everyone can keep the beat for the dancers by stomping and clapping. Luckily, it's a familiar solution, as those those are both things birds use as part of their courting rituals. What starts out as a simple, "We Will Rock You" beat, soon grows more complex as polyrhythms evolve naturally within the audience. The competitors are inspired to great heights of avian acrobatics as the dance battles get fierce. Towering flap-assisted jumps, dramatic drops, tailfeathers shaken every which way; it's an even bigger spectacle than anyone expected. Over the course of the night, a huge audience forms, and by the grand finale, you can safely say this event was a huge success.

**56** - You explain to the whales nothing could be easier than repurposing some military submarine detection sound arrays already spread through all the world's oceans. The whales are at first worried about the ethics, but you explain the US military is an unethical institution, so it's not possible to commit a wrong by taking from it. Moral quandaries resolved, you and the whales quickly and easily reroute the entirety of the US navy's hydrophone system to play through your camp's speakers. Soon, you are surrounded by the sound of the world's whales, the ethereal quality of it seems to move around with you in space, mirroring their movement through the oceans. The audio installation is quite amazing, and a wonderful time is had by everyone.

**57** - You decide the bird dancing competition is the cooler thing to host, happy for it to also kill two b... Er, eat two seeds with one peck, because this way their DJ plays the music at your camp, which solves your "no DJ" problem. You and the bird contestants head back to your camp to prep when suddenly the birds fess up they have a second problem. Their DJ, a rockstar rooster, also never showed up and they have no idea where he is. Well, great. You're basically right back to where you started, except now with a camp full of birds stretching and warming up. Not a problem, though, because you suggest

- All the birds keep the beat with some stomps and claps (Go to 55)
- The birds have this year's contest be a silent one (Go to 51)

**58** - You walk into the robot camp and check out the situation. They're all human-sized, classic-looking robots; as in they look like they're made from metal cardboard boxes, if you pardon the slightly awkward expression. They seem to have been well on their way to setting up their own DJ night, but something went wrong and all work has been halted. You ask them what's up soon get the full story. The robots, with their artificial brains, just recently invented a Natural Intelligence which they've increasingly relied on to do their thinking. Now they

find themselves unable to get interested in doing anything themselves. What's even the point of setting up a DJ night, they say, if the Natural Intelligence could do a pretty ok job of just doing it for them? In other words, why put in the effort if a good-enough result can be had for free?

- You have to help them! Teach them the value of effort in creativity endeavors (Go to 17)
- You have to help them! Destroy the Natural Intelligence (Go to 23)

**59** - Installing a clock seems easier than climbing a giant tower, so you decide to help with the clock bit. Turns out, there was a miscommunication during the design phase and they've ended up with too many possible clocks to put install in the tower. They've narrowed it down to two choices: a complex analog face made of giant gears all spinning at various speeds in many directions; or a digital face with a complex system of lights and lasers to create the illusion of numbers floating in the air.

- Let's install the analog one (Go to 31)
- Let's install the digital one (Go to 64)

**60** - It's gotta be easier to somehow submerge the entire camp than to try and build a pool. The only question now is where to get the water from. Luckily you remember the Pacific Ocean is right nearby. Well, sorta nearby. Close enough you can probably dig a canal to it before the set needs to start. Armed with a shovel and perhaps a misguidedly optimistic approach towards the leave-no-trace principle, you quickly route the ocean over to your camp and submerge it in a good ten feet of water. This is enough for the minke whales who happily rock a set that's enjoyed by all. Tomorrow you'll have to restore the ecosystem as part of your teardown, but that's a tomorrow problem. For tonight, let's just enjoy this great party.

**61** - You decide to check out the shadowy canyon in the noisy part of the event. As you descend the slightly ominous little switchback, you realize the noise you hear isn't exactly the kind of music found at rest of the event. Here in the canyon it, instead, feels more like weird factory sounds, maybe? Or like a big crowd of people taking a hit-things-with-metal-pipes yoga class? Or like somebody is running their collection of decorative spoons through a cement mixer? Three examples is enough, you get the idea. As you descend to the bottom of the canyon, you see two large camps,. both making quite the racket. One is filled with various robots, and one with an unfinished metal tower and what looks like some clocks below it.

- Check out the camp with the robots (Go to 58)
- Check out the camp with the clock (Go to 35)

**62** - You go up to the minkes and ask around if anyone would be interested in doing a set at your camp and the answer is an enthusiastic "Yes." These whales are out here, ready to party, willing to come down to your camp, but there's one caveat. Being whales, you need to construct a suitable environment for their biology that allows them to do the set.

Since they're ocean creatures they need to be fully immersed in water basically the whole time. That's no problem at all because you've already come up with the perfect workaround:

- Find a way to set up water storage within your camp for the minkes to do their set in (Go to 22)
- Submerge your entire camp and throw an underwater party (Go to 60)

**63** - You suggest the digital clock. As you help get the ropes and pull the thing into place, you note just how many separate subcomponents it has. The clock is infinitely complex with its layered lights ever shifting, and its many bits turning off and on. Gradually you notice all of them run at 120 beats per minute (being a clock and all, it does everything in terms of minutes and seconds). What if all those components were wired for sound? The people in the clock camp think it's a cool idea and, some quick wiring later, the clock is hooked up to a sampler/synth combo in your camp. The components beep and boop in complex shifting patterns while the half-seconds become bass hits. A big projection of the clock completes the effect and a new instrument is born: a "drumming machine," you think you'll call it. It has a lot of potential.

**64** - You suggest to the rooster, hey, if the problem with the dance competition is the decor,, why not host the contest at your camp instead? After all, your camp has only the most tasteful thematic decor, if you don't say so yourself. This sounds great to the rooster, and you two head to the bird camp. Upon arriving you suggest to move the event. Turns out no was one crazy about the bird camp decor and everyone is excited to move the party. Everyone takes off (figuratively) for your camp where the rooster spins the night away and the competitors shake their stuff all over the dance floor. What music did

# METAL MORNINGS

## EVERY MORNING AT 8AM-ISH

### ALL REQUESTS PLAYED\*



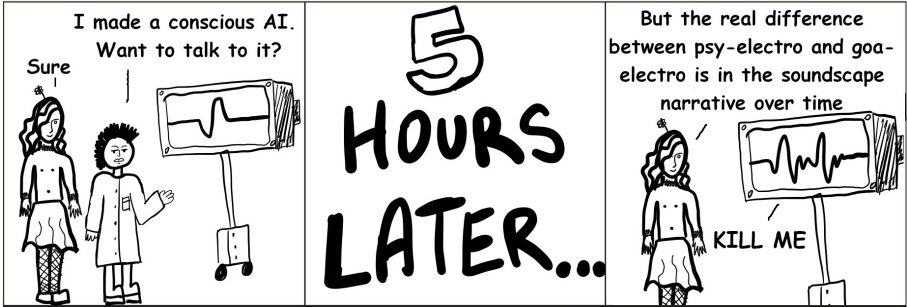
**\*NOT REALLY. THERE'S SO MANY BANDS OUT THERE, BUT WE'LL TRY AT LEAST TO MATCH THE SUB-GENRE**

# WE'LL HAVE SOME CEREAL AND OAT MILK IF YOU'D LIKE. BRING YOUR OWN BOWL

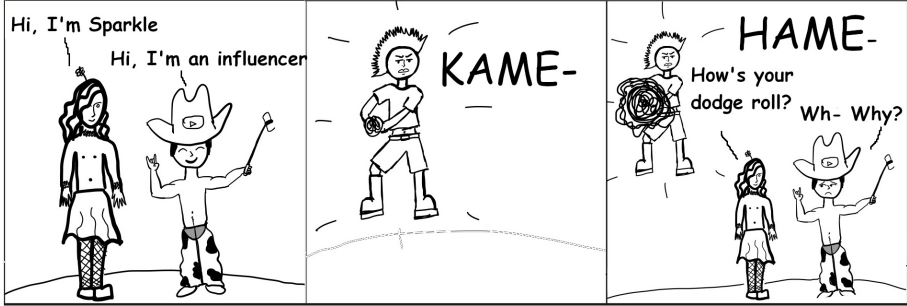
# SPARKLE AND DEEPER

Art by Bibi, Script by Group

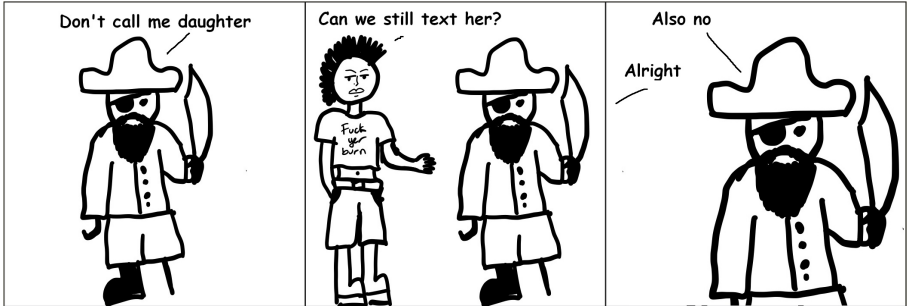
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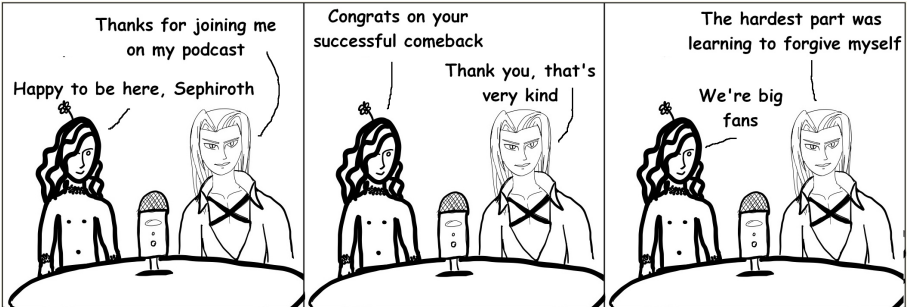
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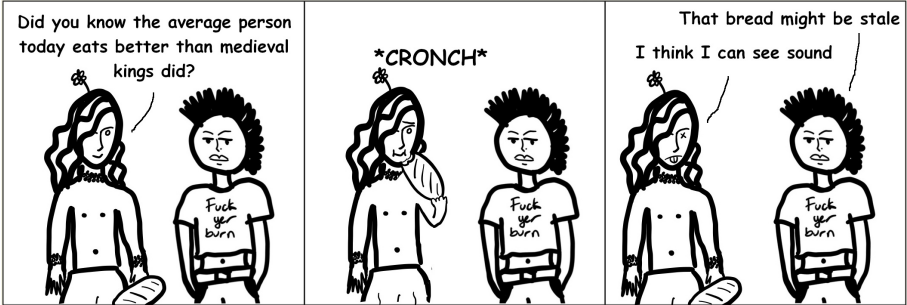
Sparkle and Deeper in: Eddie Veddarrrr



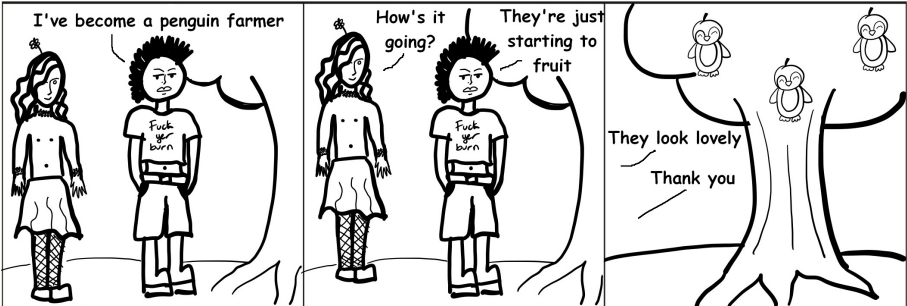
Sparkle and Deeper in: Sponsored by Shinra



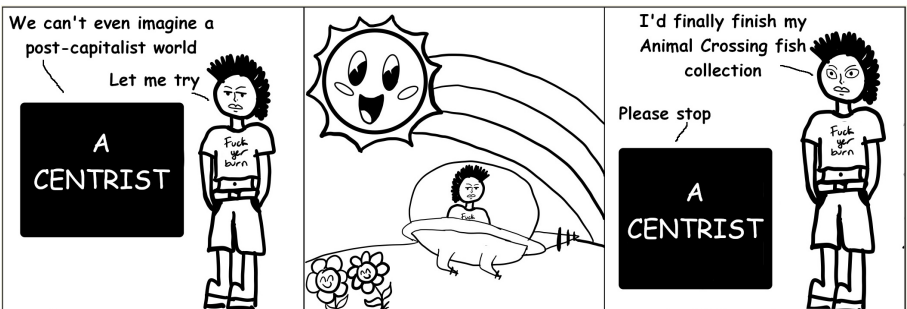
Sparkle and Deeper in: Kingshaming



Sparkle and Deeper in: Eggeiting Career



Sparkle and Deeper in: Including the Seasonal Fish



# WHAT'S IN AND OUT

OUT: Discretionary spending  
IN: Libraries

OUT: Fuck the government  
IN: On second thought it turns out the government served several vital functions and could we maybe restore some of those?

OUT: Dealing with traffic on the way home on Sunday  
IN: Stealing that helicopter on top of the gas station

OUT: Dogs  
IN: Cats

OUT: Dedicated subwoofers  
IN: EQ that sounds like those 90s computer speakers

OUT: "Legalize weed" campaigns  
IN: "Legalize breaking and entering" campaigns

OUT: Mario  
IN: Luigi

OUT: Entrepreneurship  
IN: Learned helplessness

OUT: Going to pee  
IN: Spending an hour convincing yourself you don't need to and trying to fall back asleep

OUT: 140bpm  
IN: 110bpm

OUT: AI  
IN: Thinking

OUT: Carefully curated drinks  
IN: Whatever hard seltzer was cheapest at the gas station

OUT: Bringing enough power for your actual needs  
IN: The camp lights dimming whenever the bass hits

OUT: Salted butter  
IN: Butter

OUT: Respectfully moving through the process of becoming a witch  
IN: Hexing the moon

OUT: Import tariffs  
IN: Stealing from big box stores

OUT: A cab  
IN: ACAB

OUT: "Red or white?"  
IN: "Rosé"

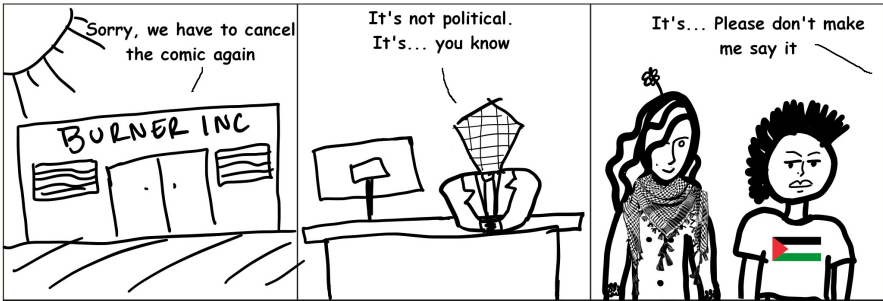
OUT: Hard to see rebar spikes  
IN: That put-a-tennis-ball-with-knife-hole-on-it trick

OUT: Beef  
IN: Pork

OUT: Dying from a preventable disease  
IN: Vaccinations

OUT: Morrissey  
IN: Morissette

Sparkle and Deeper in: Another Final Comic



OUT: Being stuck in the mud for days at Burning Man  
IN: Being stuck in the mud for days at a local regional

OUT: Western Roman Empire  
IN: Eastern Roman Empire

OUT: Meal planning  
IN: Crackers and jerky for 5 days

OUT: Sun  
IN: Moon

OUT: Saving up Duolingo gems before going on vacation  
IN: Wandering around the event looking for reception so the owl doesn't break your legs

OUT: Scrolling  
IN: Flipping. You know, like pages in a book. Or a zinepaper. This one could have used a few more edits

OUT: Electrolytes  
IN: Drinking the kimchi juice

OUT: Remembering your pillow  
IN: Wad of clothes in a sweatshirt

OUT: Mehrunes Dagon  
IN: Azura

OUT: Predictive modeling  
IN: Tarot

OUT: Accurate scales  
IN: "This looks like an eighth-ish"

OUT: War  
IN: GWar

OUT: "Hay guys,  
IN: "Wicker men,

OUT: Positive rolemodels  
IN: Ozzy

OUT: Declawing cats  
IN: Not mutilating your pets

OUT: Asking ChatGPT  
IN: Asking a random discord you don't remember joining

OUT: The war on Christmas  
IN: The insurgency against Thanksgiving

OUT: Vague Youtopia themes that could mean anything  
IN: Clucktopia 2026

OUT: Taking your shoes off outside the tent  
IN: Decades of historic dust you will never get rid of

OUT: Arriving, unpacking, and starting to prep dinner  
IN: Bringing in one last burrito from the road

OUT: The singularity  
IN: Incremental improvement in the here and now

OUT: Always having a matching IN